

NEW SERIES.

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S WEEKLY MUSEUM, AND PHILADELPHIA REPORTER.



Devoted to Literature, Piety, Morals, Arts, Domestic Economy, Humor, Pathos, Criticism, Poetry, News, &c.

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thankfully received,
At No. 164 south Eleventh street.

Three dollars per Year, or One dollar per Quarter,
payable in advance.

CRITICISM.

Absurdities, &c. of Shakspeare.

The almost indiscriminate applause, which has for ages been given to the genius of Shakspeare stamps that man with madness and folly, who dares attempt to expose *any* of the faults of that great *master-painter* of the human heart. The habits and morals of the age in which Shakspeare wrote, are so immeasurably different from the enlightened and correct one in which we live, that it excites astonishment that some bold, independent character has not had courage to overleap the prejudices of the days of Elizabeth, snatch the beauties of his works, from the *deformities* in which they lie buried, strip them of the mixture of indecency and folly, which frequently raises the blush on the cheek of innocence, the smile of contempt on the face of the critic, and a sigh from the moral and reflecting mind. There is no rashness in asserting that if an author at the present day could *wrote* as well as Shakspeare, his performance would not be suffered to be read or rehearsed in public. Can antiquity sanction vice, or make

virtue less lovely? Does the tempestuous cloud lose its blackness, from the casual illumination of the lightning? Can the *independent, energetic, sublime* sentiments of Shakspeare make less conspicuous his inconsistencies and absurdities?

The above observations result, on being present at the representation of *OTHELLO*, on last Wednesday evening; some of the characters in that play are forcibly drawn and powerfully delineated, and there are sentiments in this tragedy that command our astonishment and unequivocal applause. Yet why this inconsistent licentious play should have kept a favorite, standing on the stage for centuries, language cannot tell—history is silent on the subject. That the fair Desdemona, daughter of a Venetian senator, dissimilar in complexion, customs, and education, should be enraptured, with Othello's narration of his bloody wars, “*hair breadth escapes, cannibals eating men, and men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders,*” and be induced to fly the protection of her father, and become the wife of a Moor, is *without* a parallel in ancient or modern story; this is distorting the fair and straight lines of nature—this on reflection cannot gain belief. *TRAGEDY* should represent things as they are; nature exposed to view, as the motives and actions of men appear on the world's great theatre. The great Othello, swallows up our attention from every other character except Iago—our eyes are open to catch every

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cadence every accent of his voice—we find him bold, ardent and generous, and our compassion for the man, often makes us forget the black catalogue of his crimes; strip this hero of the Shaksperean robe and we instantly discover that he is a *made character*, from the creative powers of the poet, and not from the plastic hand of nature. Who ever read or heard of a man, who, doatingly fond of the woman of his choice, in three days after marriage, could be excited by small, light suggestions, without proof, or even examination, to cast this woman off, and deliberately commit the foulest murder, and this after he had declared to Iago that he would have 'ocular proof,' or

'So prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, or loop,
To hang a doubt on.'

Has he that proof? Does he take measures to discover the guilt or innocence of his wife?—Does he reason or even reflect? This character outrages nature, and on examination, we shall sink the hero; and the weakly, zealous, hot brain'd, inconsistent Othello will stand before us. The language of Desdemona is a tissue of lovesick declaration, from her entrance to her death—she gains small interest in our hearts, and our sensibilities are *calmly* excited by her suffering.—Iago is the most finished character in this tragedy; the cunning, artful, treacherous, insinuating villain, the hypocritical honesty, and the wily deceiver, are most *admirably delineated*; like Milton's devil, the most glowing ideas, strong expressions, and moral sentiments proceed from the mouth of this 'Demi Devil.' Yet in this highly drawn, strong colored character, we have much to condemn, and many unnatural inconsistencies to point out—indelicate allusions, direct lascivious expressions, and loose wanton ideas, are in almost every scene in which he appears. There are not sufficient motives discovered to produce such unequalled hatred, malice and revenge in Iago against Othello;—actions so dreadfully bloody, destruction so awfully indiscriminate, should have had proportionate causes to produce such desolating acts. Mere suspicion, without proof 'as strong as holy writ' never could have influenced the heart to such dreadful actions—all we know is what Iago pleases to tell us:

'It is thought abroad
He has done my office, I know not if't be true,
But I, for mere suspicion, in that case,
Will do as if for surely.'

The daring, bloody, hypocritical *Richard* had a crown in prospect, that gave a coloring and direction to his every word and action. The impetuous, revengeful *Zanga* had received a disgraceful blow, which his high blown pride would never forgive. Iago sins for the sake of sinning: 'O monstrous, monstrous.' Roderigo appears to be introduced to supply the purse of Iago; formed as he is by 'nature's journeyman, he imitates humanity most abominably,' weak even to *idiocy*—*violent* against *nature* and *inclination*, too insignificant we should think for the workings of the great Iago's mind. Yet we do find, this would be seducer, this epitome of a villain, this skeleton of a man, does, at the request of Iago, undertake to commit foul murder and seduction! A character so cast as Iago's never would have trusted such an idiot. Iago expressly declares,

'For mine own knowledge should profane
If I could expend my time with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit.'

Lt. Cassio is also a puppet in the magic circle of the grand magician Iago—he moulds him at his pleasure, like a man of wax. This brave, generous, high minded Cassio is made the poisoned arrow to pierce the noble heart of Othello, and blight all his happiness. The smothering bed-scene would disgrace the dark ages, and call forth an hectic blush from the hardened features of a Goth or Vandal; it is highly indecorous and offensively inhuman, and stands alone and unsupported by a solitary companion. The princes were smothered in the Tower, the guests of the ambitious Macbeth were murdered in a private apartment, and even Lillo, who delighted in the *horribles*, had Barnwell and Millwood executed without the view of the audience.

These observations are made without a wish to detract from the transcendent worth, gigantic power, and unequalled beauties of Shakspere, merely to suggest the propriety at any future representation of this tragedy, of softening, or leaving out altogether, those expressions so highly offensive to the chaste ear of delicacy, or the best feelings of a correct and enlightened audience.

[*New Hampshire Gazette.*]

If thou, in the course of nature, art old, let not thy frigid feelings harden thy heart against the harmless sallies of youth; but be a monitor, rather than a castigator.

LONDON SUMMER FASHIONS.

The summer fashions this year are more than usually various and elegant. For walking dress, plainness and simplicity seem to be the order of the day. Plain muslin high dresses, with silk pelisses or spencers, and very large Leghorn, fine straw, or silk and straw bonnets, which are generally trimmed with flowers, are most prevalent. High silk dresses, made always in light colors, are also in very general estimation.

For the carriage and dress promenade, pelisses composed of clear muslin, lined with colored sarsnet, and profusely trimmed with white lace, are considered very tonish. The most elegant of these pelisses is composed of fine plain clear muslin, and lined with bright green sarsnet, the skirt gored and made full. The waist is very short, the back is full, and the body richly decorated with lace, put on in a novel and rather whimsical manner in four zig-zag rows, laid one above another, which forms a pelerine and half-sleeve, for they come no farther than the shoulder in front. There is no collar, but a very rich lace ruff, usually left open at the throat, is worn with this pelisse. Long full sleeve, the fullness confined from the wrist, about half way to the elbow by narrow bands of bias green satin, which are finished at each edge by a row of gimp. The trimming of the pelisse consists of a broad flounce of lace, which goes up the fronts and round the bottom, and is surmounted by a wreath of leaves formed of joining lace, which is let in immediately above the flounce.

The materials for carriage bonnets are white satin, white gauze, net or chip; the latter, however, is but partially worn. The crowns of bonnets continue to be made low, but the brims are considerably larger than we ever remember to have seen them; when, however, which is frequently the case, the brim is composed of a transparent material, its immense size does not render it unbecoming. Such bonnets are entirely transparent. The most fashionable are either composed of plain white satin, or else having a gauze or net front, with a white satin crown covered with gauze or net. Flowers are the favorite ornaments, but white feathers are sometimes adopted for satin bonnets. Blond is much used, particularly for satin bonnets, the brims of which are generally edged with it.

Muslin robes still continue in very great estimation in morning dress; but close round dresses

begin also to be a good deal worn. The bodies of these dresses are made in a style very similar to the robes. Waists continue as short as usual, and long sleeves are worn fuller than last month.

Muslins, satins, and figured silks are the most fashionable materials for dinner dress. Frocks are more in favor than gowns; and trimmings afford a good deal of variety in form, though very little in material, as they are mostly composed of satin, gauze or net; the former of which is generally composed of chenille.

In full dress, *toques*, turbans, caps, and small hats are all considered fashionable; even the most youthful *belle* covers, at least partially, her beautiful tresses with one or other of them. The crowns of hats and the cauls of caps are always of a moderate height; the former are composed of white satin or satin to correspond with the dress; the latter of lace or else of a mixture of satin and lace.—Some also are of net, the fullness of the caul divided by rouleaus of white satin; these have a light and tasteful appearance; but perhaps the most strictly appropriate to full dress are those composed of blond, with a mixture of satin. Caps are always ornamented with flowers. *Toques* and turbans have sometimes flowers, but oftener feathers or silver ornaments; they are also frequently trimmed with the material of which they are made. Hats, the brims of which we must observe are always small, are invariably decorated with feathers.

The passion for covering the hair has prevented any novelty from being observable lately.

PHILADELPHIA:

MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1818.

To Correspondents.—“SYLVIA’s Remarks on the Dresses of the Female Sex,” certainly could not have been written by a Lady. Some crusty old bachelor must have been the author; and they will be returned, if required, by applying at this office. The Editor has too much respect for the Ladies to give publicity to a libel so scandalous.

Mr. Q.’s arrows are pointless. They are not calculated to reach the object aimed at. His bow must assuredly be out of order.

“No more at present!” need trouble us no more at any time.

Not so in respect to the dissident ALMIRA—she will always be welcome, and “leniently” received.

[By our Letter-Box.]

MR. LEWIS,

Quackery, in any profession is despicable, and it has been practised, particularly in the medical line, from time immemorial, in all countries. But lately, a novel species has been introduced among us, which, altho it does not poison the body, conveys nearly as deleterious consequences by poisoning the mind, and particularly affects the younger part of the community.

Who that peruses our daily papers, but must be disgusted with the bombastical egotism of certain *quack school-masters*. They profess to instruct youth, (I was about to say, by a species of legerdemain) in every branch of science, and in fact a proposition to teach by steam would not be more preposterous than the pretensions of some of these modest gentlemen. One has even proposed to exonerate parents from all trouble with their children when absent from school. By a mode peculiar to himself, (which, however, I suspect he has borrowed from Mr. Stanislas, the magician) he will observe all their actions, prevent them from throwing stones, climbing fences, pulling one another's hair, and other naughty tricks to which boys are accustomed. Another more modest gentleman declares that he alone possesses the *real* art of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' and by name, stigmatises his opponent with being an impostor, who, in turn, retaliates by hurling in his teeth the epithet of *liar*, and other polite and gentlemanly titles. Another plan ensues. They publish copies of letters which during their former intimacy had passed between them. Some of these are precious morceaux and should be printed in the projected style of the immortal Declaration of Independence. The language and particularly the spelling are 'Models of their kind. I am not friendly to 'beating boys into learning,' altho moderate correction is very often necessary, but, I really should be pleased to see some of these full grown boys *horsed*, in *terporem aliis*.

There are so many scientific teachers, of long standing, in Philadelphia, that it is cause of surprise the citizens are so often deceived in a matter of so great interest by the intrusions of pretenders to literature. Novelty has charms; and if applied to dress, amusements, &c. may be harmless, but the sudden introduction of school-

novelties has contributed to degrade a profession, which, in a public, private, civil or political point of view is of the utmost importance to the community.

SENEX.

MR. LEWIS,

In one of your late papers, a correspondent has made remarks on the size of our bonnets. It was a fortunate circumstance that we adopted them in time. I will tell you why. Walking in Second street, last Sunday, and *happening* to look up, my eyes were completely dazzled. A gentleman appeared before me, and on his head was a **TIN HAT** of the most shining cast. 'Thinks I to myself' if this fashion prevail, Mr. Lewis or his correspondent cannot complain of our want of foresight. Even admitting that the gentlemen should not *intrude* under our bonnets with their tin hats, yet our eyes, (no trifling consideration, Mr. Editor) are still in danger. A friend remarked, that the gentleman's heels were so well shod with iron, that it would be difficult to determine whether he would make greater clattering by progressing on his head or feet.

One of the Female Spies.

SCIENTIFIC QUESTIONS.

MR. LEWIS,

In the much admired "Village Record," a paper published in Westchester, and conducted with great ability, I accidentally observed the following Queries; and having seen no answers, I beg you will insert them in your Museum.

R. S. T.

1st. Observing the water in a funnel to move always round from the right hand to the left, when descending—I request a solution to the phenomenon on philosophical principles.

2d. It is observed by those who watch the changes in the weather, that at about noon it generally either begins to rain faster or clears off—Required a reason.

CLIO.

ANECDOTE.

A gentleman wishing to know the price of coals, bellowed out, 'Well, Paddy, how are coals?'—'Black as ever, sir,' said the Irishman with a hearty laugh.

SONG.

Cupid, ease a love-lorn maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardor wound the swain—
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive thy arrows thro his heart;
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy. R.

CUPID MADE MASON.

Of your hearts to take care, now, ladies, prepare,
Be silent! I'll tell you the reason:
Sly Cupid, they say, as the most certain way
To conquer the fair, is made Mason.

The music you hear, will ravish your ear,
Your eye will be pleased past expression;
But think on the smart, that follows the dart,
When thrown by the hand of a Mason.

The maid may pretend, her heart to defend,
But let her from me take a lesson:
She's surely undone, tho her heart were of stone,
It will melt at one glance from a Mason.

By the apron and glove, Cupid reigns god of
love,
His empire to deny now is treason;
Then I humbly agree, soon married to be,
And answer each call of my Mason.

Heaven prosper the youth, for honor and truth,
And secrecy famed by all nations;
I'll ne'er be ashamed, nor fear to be blamed,
While I sing in the praise of Free-Masons.

DESOLATE MAID.

My father put me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae aye will tak' my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa.

THE MERRY OLD MAID.

There was an old maiden of seventy-six,
With scarcely a tooth in her head,
Who, swerving a little from prudish tricks,
Conceived a strong passion to wed;
And cheering her fancy with splendid views,
And mighty conceit of herself,
She thought that no man in the world could re-
A maiden with plenty of—PELF! [fuse

Sing fal de ral lal de ral, old and tough,
A premium will be paid to any spruce bach-
elor bold enough
To marry this merry old maid.

O, yes! O, yes! said the crier aloud,
Come, bachelors, be not afraid,
Her treasures will render him wealthy and proud
Who marries this merry old maid:
And money, you know, makes the matter a joke,
Tho gain'd with a frisky old trapes,
Who'd rather be bound in a conjugal yoke,
Than afterwards leading of apes.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

Behold her bedizen'd in juvenile wig,
Instead of her few locks of grey;
Like hoary December, in frolicsome rig,
Assuming the visage of May!
How happy the man to obtain such a wife,
Whose age will divest him of care—
For no hazard he'll run in the course of her life,
Of joining the group at *Horn Fair*.

Sing fal de ral, &c.

TO MARY.

Yes, yes, another's far more dear
To thee for whom so true I burn'd;
And mine was no vain jealous fear,
For every jealous doubt's confirm'd.
Dear, dear perfidious maid, I thought
I found a kindred heart in thee;
But, oh! thy perfidy hath taught
Once more my heart its misery.
How vain the lustre of thine eye,
Since that on all can fondly dwell;
No more for thee, false girl, I'll sigh,
Or only sigh to breathe farewell.
Ah, no! in every clime I rove,
And many a clime the scene will vary,
Should I but hear the name of love
My constant heart would sigh for Mary.

QUARTERLY LIST OF SONGS

Just published and for sale by H. C. Lewis, as contained in the several Numbers of the "Weekly Song-Book," and may be had in single Numbers, or in complete Sets, at his store No. 164 south Eleventh, near Locust street.

BOOK No. 1, (containing 17 Songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

'Hail Columbia!
Glee—'We come with song and glee,
'Life let us cherish,
Bartholomew Fair—'Come bustle, neighbor Prig,
Eveleen's Bower—'Oh! weep for the hour
Robin Adair—'What's this dull town to me?
'Is there a heart that never lov'd—
Sprig of shillelah—'O, love is the soul
Cushlamicree—'Dear Erin, how sweetly
Tis but fancy sketch—'Here mark a poor desolate
Washington's star—'When first infant liberty
Wife's farewell—'While I hang on your bosom,
Kate of Colerain—'As beautiful Kitty one morning
Jolly lads—'Come, come, my jolly lads,
Blue eyed Mary—'Come, tell me, blue eyed stranger,
My mother did so before me—'I am a brisk young
'Let there be light!

BOOK No. 2,—14 songs,—price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

The Island of Green—'Dear Erin! I fly,
Bruce's Address—'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
'Ye merry mechanics, come join in my song,
New England—'Hail, land of good feelings!
The Exile's Welcome—'Hail to the exile,
'Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang with me,
Mary and her sister Ellen—'Oh lady! buy,
Catch—'Come let us have another song or two,
Sigh not for Love—'Ah, sigh not for love,
The hot day—'What a plague's a summer breakfast,
'When William at eve,
'The Glasses sparkle on the board,
'I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
A Sailor's Life at Sea—'When the anchor is weigh'd

BOOK No. 3, (15 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

American Star—'Come strike the bold anthem
Past-master's song—'Let masonry from pole to pole
Jessie, the flower of Dumblane—'The sun has gane
Lucy—'Night o'er the world her curtain hung
William of the Ferry—'Near Clyde's gay stream
Won't you be mine—'I have but one gift
Tandem—'Fashion's all fiddle-de-dee
'At morning dawn the hunters rise
Waterman—'Bound prentice to a waterman
Lewie Gordon—'O send Lewie Gordon hame
Young Midshipman—'I'm here and there a jolly dog
'When she smiles
'Remember me while the heart can beat
'Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
Jefferson's Election—'Well met, fellow-freemen

BOOK No. 4, (17 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

Clothes-Thief—'Oh be sorry for the hour
Washington—'Night, blessed night
Female Captain—'Sound the fife
The Mason—'Ye sons of fair science
'Erin! the tear and the smile
'Push about the bowl, boys
Blue-eyed Maid of Erin—'O who is she who smiles
Decatur, Hull, and Jones—'No more of such blather
Straw Bonnet—'As a buxom young damsel
Seventy-Six—'When Freedom's sons
Blue-eyed Youth—'A blue-eyed youth in war's array
Soldier's Gratitude—'Whate'er my fate
'Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair
'Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove
The World—'All mankind are mad
Girl of my soul—'O why should the girl of my soul
Erin's native Shamrock—'Thro Erin's green isle

BOOK 5, (17 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

Star-spangled Banner. 'O say can you see
Soldier's Glee. 'How merrily we live
Dearest Ellen. 'When the rosebud of summer
Liberty's Birth Day. 'Hallow'd the birth-day
Norah. 'Tho Leixlip is proud
Light House. 'The scene was more beautiful
Rifleman's War-song. 'Seel on yonder redd'ning sky
Humors of Men. 'Be firm, O Columbians
John Hobbs. 'A jolly shoemaker
'I have loved thee, dearly loved thee
Emmet. 'Oh breathe not his name
Mr. Mullins and Miss Whack. 'On Ireland's ground
Anniversary of St. John. 'Hail masonry
'The heavy hours are almost past
'When pensive I thought of my love
Woodman's Hut. 'To a woodman's hut there came
'Together let us range the fields

BOOK 6, (14 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

Fourth of July. 'On the files of old Time
'Oh when I breathed a last adieu
Beaux of the Town. 'My mother oft talkt
'Our bugles sang truce
Not married yet. 'Was ever girl in such a rage
Minute Gun at Sea. 'Let him who sighs in sadness
The Bottle. 'This bottle's the sun of our table
Vows of Love. 'When the morning sun
Mr. M'Farland. 'Who in Erin's dear lays
Napoleon's Farewel. 'Farewell to the land
July Fourth. 'When Columbia arose
Banks of Schuylkill. 'On the banks of the Schuylkill
'Tho love is warm awhile
Song upon Songs. 'Come every brisk soul

BOOK 7, (10 songs,) 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

The Day. 'Since a toast you demand
'When bidden to the wake or fair
'Als I vas going to de pair
Fourth of July. 'Hail freedom's Aurora
Soldier's Adieu. 'Adieu, adieu, my only life
Neglected Old Soldiers. 'Oh weep not for those
Jack Junk. 'Twas one day at Wapping

'Her mouth, which a smile
Jolly Parson. 'It's not long ago
Seven Naval Glories. 'To arms, to arms, republic
Toasts for the Fourth of July, &c.

BOOK 8, (15 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

Fanny, dearest. 'Oh had I the leisure
'On this cold flinty rock
Soldier's Wife. 'Little thinks the townsman's wife
Poor Tom. 'Then farewell my trimbuilt wherry
'Where shall the lover rest
'Exile. 'There came to the beach
Post Captain. 'When Steerwell heard me first
Young Gilpin. 'O ye bucks and ye bloods
American Sailor. 'After wandering in sorrow
Garland. 'How sweet are the flowers
Immortal Flowers. 'There is an hour of peaceful rest
Emma. 'Farewell, Emma, I must leave you
'When a maid is about to be wedded
Tis heaven to love. 'The apathist tells us
Dissimulation. 'O say have you seen the meteor

BOOK 9, (17 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

Washington's Birth-Day—'The genius of freedom
Strephon and Delia. 'Fair Delia take this brilliant
Dennis Brulgruddery—'I was once born at home
'Said a smile to a tear,
Bay of Biscay—'Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder
Wonders—'Your laughter I'll try to provoke
Legacy—'When in death I shall calm recline
True-hearted Fellow—'With my pipe in one hand
Cobler—'Last week I took a wife
Drum—'Come each gallant lad who for pleasure
Rose—'To a shady retreat
Parody—'To an old roaring grog-shop
Lost Rose. 'At dawn of day when wanton birds
'Young Henry was as brave a youth
Lasses of Dublin—'The meadows look cheerful
Faithless Emma—'I wander'd once at break of day
Tom Bowling—'Here a sheer hulk, &c.

BOOK 10, (15 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts.

Black-eyed Judy. 'To be sure I can't sing an oration
Charming Fellow. 'Lord what care I
Royal Arch. 'When orient Wisdom
Wounded Hussar. 'Alone to the banks
In love or in battle. 'You never did hear
Budget of Blunders. 'There budgets are of every
Damaged Jack. 'We tars are all for fun
'The streamlet that flow'd
'Oh hush the soft sigh, maid,
Gale of Love. 'Like the frail bark tost
Vauxhall. 'Ye beaux and ye wits
Beautiful Maid. 'When absent from her
The Jorum. 'When bickerings hot
Bewildered Maid. 'Slow broke the light
Isabel, my love. 'O sweet is the girl

BOOK 11, (16 songs,) 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

Cupid made Mason. 'Of your hearts to take care
'Mary, the tear in thy blue eye

Swan of Schuylkill. 'Sing to his shade
Bonie Doon. 'Ye banks and braes
'Blow high, blow low,
Edward and Celia. 'Dearest Celia, tell me where
Vale of Avoca. 'There is not in the wide world
'O dark are the halls
'Ere around the huge oak
'When up the shrouds the sailor goes
'Sailor boy, sailor boy, sleep my sweet fellow
'How happy the soldier who lives on his pay
'With an honest old friend and a merry old song
Chauncey and Yeo. 'If bold Chauncey were old
'Do not delay
Paddy Carey. 'Twas at the town of neat Clogheen

BOOK 12, (15 songs,) price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

Love's Young Dream. 'O the days are gone
'My heart with love is beating
Ladies, go cool. 'Och! long life to the girls
Desolate Maid. 'My father put me frae his door
'How stands the glass around
'Ye freemen of Columbia
Merry Old Maid. 'There was an old maiden
Done-over Taylor. 'A taylor I once was
'Dear Nancy, I've sailed the wide world all around
The General Toast. 'Here's to the maiden
Paul and Virginia. 'See from ocean rising
The all of Life is Love. 'When first this humble roof
Cottage on the Moor. 'My mam is no more
Honey and Mustard. 'Sir Jerry Gonimble
Beauty should never sigh in vain. 'Cupid, ease a love

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